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THE MEADOW WALKS.

ADJACENT to the southern suburbs of Edinburgh, there is a spacious meadow, which forms an agreeable place of recreation for the citizens in that quarter, being pervaded and surrounded by spacious and shady walks, somewhat in the style of the famous *parks* of London, or the still lovelier Christchurch Walk of Oxford. Happening, in my schoolboy days, to reside in that part of the city, I used to resort to the Meadow Walks, as they are called, both in the morning and the evening, for the purpose of conning my lessons—communing with Tyturus, perhaps, under that very species of tree which covered him with its branches, while he piped the beauties of Amaryllis. These walks, I have since learned, were a favourite lounge, for the same purpose, with the illustrious Scott, who dwelt in boyhood in a house of which the rear windows look into the central alley. But, at the time I speak of, no such circumstance as this, even if I had been aware of it, was necessary to recommend to me a place so convenient for study, and so pleasant in itself. From this grassy and umbrageous domain, the pinnacles and battlements of ancient Edinburgh could be seen immediately behind the broken screen of trees; but no sound from the crowded streets, near as they were, ever broke upon the ear. The birds sang gaily in the bowers, and the kine quietly grazed on the plain, or stood submissively up to be milked, as if no city had been at hand. At morn, when Arthur's Seat had shouldered the sun, it was delightful to observe the smoke tolling up from the neighbouring villas through the surrounding beeches, and to hear old William Giles, the keeper, making his bill every now and then go sheer through the hedge-spray, as he strode whistlingly along. At eve, when the west sent a sea of ruddy lustre through the meadow, it was equally agreeable to come across the groups of golfers and quilters, as they returned from their sport on Bruntsfield Links, all their spirits stirred up and let loose by exercise, and not half so many listening as what were speaking. On Sundays, again, in addition to the cattle within the enclosures, there might occasionally be seen one or two old drugged horses, which that day, kind to all nature, had let loose from ungenerous taskmasters—rioting upon full and unwonted meals of fresh grass, tumbling now and then with heels in air through perfect levity of spirit, and almost thinking, galled and spavined as they were, that they could run races. In short, the Meadows were a place where natural and heart-refreshing sights were invariably to be found—and all, as the advertisements have it, within ten minutes' walk of the College.

In the course of my saunterings by morn and eve, and throughout holidays, in this pleasant promenade, I gradually became familiar with all the aspects, circumstances, and incidentals of the place; and having been an observer of character from a still earlier period of life than what I am now speaking of, I did not fail to note the persons who chiefly frequented the walks, and to form my own conclusions respecting them. Among the more regular loungers, there was a certain fraternity of old kilted American-war-looking men, who particularly attracted me, and, though now entirely passed away, still remain as faithfully impressed on my memory as if I had seen them only yesterday. The walks were never without two or three of these ancients, and there was a small grotto at the end of the principal alley, somewhat like a bee-hive, about which they were always buzzing and clustering. Persons they were, in general, who lived upon small superannuated allowances, either so-

cleanly kept old withered men, who had done with all their own business in the world, and now only took an interest in that of their neighbours, or of the public, or in a world different from the present. Some of them had been traders in the city, some had been revenue officers, some schoolmasters; some had led a life of travel and adventure; others were small house-proprietors; many had been nothing particular, but were just vacant old men. A not uncommon dress among them consisted of a broad-skirted blue coat with metal buttons, a yellowish worsted vest, velvet breeches, and stout sufficient lambs'-wool stockings, abridged in their exhibition by a species of spatter-dashes which sent a sharp point up the back of the calf. Copper-headed canes were prevalent among them, and each had a dumpy silver watch, with steel hands, and a chain depending from under the deep waistcoat, bearing at its extremity a conical gold seal and a zig-zag watchkey. In winter, a spencer was assumed by some over this dress, and they would then be seen stumping about with their hands stuck each into the opposing cuff, and the stick carried imbecilely under the arm. But in summer their air was free, open, and jaunty, and the cane either swung vigorously in their hands, or was carried stiff behind their backs with a diagonal sweep from shoulder to rump. To have seen a few of them parading together, one might have supposed them to be a corps of veterans out of regimentals, so much general resemblance did they bear to each other in dress, manner, and gait. One rather tall man wore a cocked hat (by that time an uncommon piece of dress), which gave quite a dignified appearance to any little group of which he formed a part.

The leading objects of these veterans were to enjoy the open air and to kill time. They did not appear to have contracted any friendship for each other; neither personal similarity nor similarity of circumstances had produced that effect. They only conversed because they happened to be frequently in the same place, and found a little amusement in talking, while there was none in silence. They did not indeed seem to consider each other as even acquainted. The meeting of so many old men with knee-breeks in an age of trousers, might appear rather curious to other people, almost as strange as the assembling of the three calendars, kings' sons, each blind of one eye, at the gates of Bagdad; but, unlike the calendars, these reverend seniors never appeared to recognise any kindred points in each other. Each only knew that he had come out to take a walk in the Meadows; that he had lounged into the *Cage*, as the grotto was called, for a rest; that he there perhaps found one or two conversable gentlemen, with whom he had interchanged snuff-boxes and the gossip of the day—and there was an end on't. They might go on thus for years, and yet never see any thing particular in it: that was reserved for the little boy who sat, Horace in hand, in the corner, already addicted to making waggish remarks upon mankind. And yet the old fellows had a kind of stinginess in their way of treating loungers whom they had never seen before. When any stranger entered the little octagon, they regarded him with a half-suspicious scrutinising look—not, perhaps, questioning his right to come in, but yet feeling it as a kind of intrusion. Such an event generally produced a lull in the conversation, as if they had no longer felt it safe to speak. After a stranger, however, had re-appeared several times, and perhaps broken the ice by a judicious remark on the late thaw, they would begin to soften towards him. Conversation would proceed as usual in his presence; snuff would be extended

to him by first one and then another; his own horn would go round, and receive some compliments for the savour of its contents; he was, in short, admitted to the freedom of the *Cage*.

When I speak of a stranger producing a lull in the conversation, it must not be understood that the discourse of these veterans was what other people would have called lively. It was only so comparatively. The intrusion only depressed into almost perfect silence what was little else in general but a kind of dull, muzzling, intermittent whisper. Day came to them after day, without bringing any new ideas; the scenery suggested none; they never came to vigorous enough collision to strike any out from one another. All was tame, torpid, self-enjoying. One or two cold, bald, thin-blooded observations would keep them up for a week. A gentle joke, or what passed as such, was to them like an antelope to an anaconda—food for a quarter of a year. A stout adolescent joke, could such a thing have fallen among them, would have startled them like the explosion of a bomb. They had not stomachs for any thing like a profound or witty remark. Sometimes they would sit for hours without speaking above a few words, though perhaps sensible, for all that, of a kind of pleasure in each other's society; as if it were something to be within earshot of a sentence, should any such thing happen to be uttered. A triumvirate of them would half circumscribe the round walk without a monosyllable. It was enough to them to feel the gracious spirit of nature breathing in their faces, and to brood upon the peace of their own hearts. It was quite an exciting incident when the company of archers came out to shoot in the east park. Then they would sit whole forenoons on forms, watching these gentlemen, as, one by one, they directed their shafts towards the mark; wondering, perhaps, how any man could be got to stand at the butt to point out the fall of the arrows; though Laird Amos quietly remarked one day—and it was considered as really a tremendous wag-gery—that he saw no great danger in it; Mr Rae had only to stand right before the bull's eye, and he would be perfectly safe. Occasionally one of the corps would pull out a crumpled number of the *Advertiser*, as he called it, and read to them some passage in the wondrous current history of Bonaparte. But wondrous as it might be, it sank to the level of their minds in a moment. The expedition to Russia was to them but a summer day's journey; the siege of Badajos at the most "a smart business;" the sending of the most boundless spirit the world ever knew to chafe in chains upon a desert rock, produced no remark from our Meadow Walk friends but, "I think they've settled the fellow now." The fall of a slater from the top of a house in the city elicited from them more sentiment than the destruction of thousands at the passage of the Borodino. They read the paragraph which stated the fact of Thursday having been held as a holiday for the Gunpowder Plot, with as much gusto as that which announced the national comitia on the Champs de Mars. The accounts of rising and falling empires passed with hardly a comment, while the rise or fall of the price of bread by one penny drew forth a perfect burst of eloquence—that is to say, five sentences, perhaps, in a company of six. Everything assumed one familiar tone of colouring in the hands of this venerable fraternity. Mrs Anne Clarke was spoken of by them as "a sad linky;" the king was never mentioned without the parenthetical epithet "honest man;" and it was universally anticipated that "a' bools would row richt after the congress o' Vienna."

Much of their conversation touched upon past times.

Rodney and Burgoyne were as frequently in their mouths as Wellington and Nelson; and I have heard them discuss the propriety of the American war with as much eager interest as if it had been still pending. Here, too, every thing was upon one level. Victories in the colonies and mobs at Canonmills were of equal importance; Sheriff Cockburn was as great a historical figure as General Rochambeau. There was one old citizen who spoke of no great man so much as of Provost Elder, with whom, he always took care to mention, he had sat in the Town Council. One thing they always agreed upon—that the times were dreadful. None recollected any such times, either for scarcity of money, or dearth of provisions, or general want of employment; and yet not one of the old fellows but was far above the world. They seemed to take a particular pleasure in making it out, that four out of every five traders were in a state of insolvency. Two or three always insisted that the world had never got over the great money distresses of the beginning of the war; and I rather think I recollect one who confessed having never had any great confidence in banks since the famous Fordyce failure, which took place twenty years earlier. Perhaps the smallness of their own little competencies and annuities disposed them to depreciate the prospects of all mercantile capital, as if their own condition were to be made better in their own conceit by that of other people being made to appear worse. They seemed anxious to hug themselves upon their good fortune in being out of the scrape. Thus I have known some frequent the shops of young men newly set up in business—partly because in such places they expected to get most civility and the best bargains, but also that they might have the pleasure of arguing with the unfortunate young man that he was quite wrong in setting up at such a time and in such a place, as the best days of the world were long since past, and every man now lived by the plunder of his neighbors. It was in vain that the youth might urge that he had no occasion as yet to complain of his success in business, and that, as the suburb he had got into was constantly increasing, custom was likely to increase also. Our lounge knew better. The smile of satisfaction which the youth brought into his face, and the cheerful words he uttered, appeared to him as only assumed to bring about that conclusion which they feigned to have already taken place: he would insist with the poor fellow that he was on the road to ruin.

If, indeed, these old gentlemen had any prevailing fault, it was a turn for small interferences. If they chanced to observe a piece of road under repair, or a drain building, they were very apt to go up to the people employed, and give them a few ideas upon the subject. If, in passing along the street, they found a house palisaded up for repairs, they could not be satisfied till they had insinuated themselves within the sacred limit, and ascertained all about it. They were great trimmers of little boys whom they found loitering on errands or hunting of kittens, and liked to lay in an authoritative word now and then with an officer of the police. If they saw William Giles mending a gate, they would come and hold an inquest upon the matter, lounging for hours over the operator, mentally criticising every movement of his hands and tools, and probably quizzing him a little, as he was an old bachelor, about the servant lasses of George's Square. But, in truth, all attempts to describe these gentlemen as a class are vain: each was in some considerable degree peculiar, and it was only in certain points that they bore a general resemblance. As an instance of individuality strongly exceptive from the general rule, I may mention an ancient instructor of youth, who, lean himself, and lean in attire, feeble and half blind, used to be led along the walk by his almost equally aged and feeble wife, that his latter days might still know the sun and the refreshing air, and that he might interchange yet a few of the sweet words of human courtesy with those who were so soon to accompany him on the last long and silent journey. As an exception in point of incident, I recollect being one day storm-stayed in the Cage by a very heavy thunder-shower, along with some half dozen of the veterans, and a miscellaneous company driven in from the walks. Nursery maids stood dripping with their young socks; boys were there, with hoops and cricket-bats; the whole of the little area was crammed, and all were gazing forth through the door, in that stupid thoughtless kind of reverie which we are so apt to fall into in watching the fall of unintermittent rain. While all was black without, and all silent within, and not a single distinct thought perhaps was in the mind of any one, suddenly a sepulchral voice was heard from behind to utter the following words in a very deep, slow, and solemn manner—"This is a terrible storm, no doubt; but I can assure you it is nothing to the storms that I have seen. When I was in the East Indies, we had storms that lasted for days, swelling the rivers till they were like seas, and the whole country was covered. Children were carried away—and

large trees. And still it rained on, till you would have thought the day of judgment was coming." The sound of these terrible sentences, in the midst of so much gloom, seemed to cause a general start: it was only a Meadow-walk veteran fallen into a mood somewhat more chaty than usual.

Peace be with the ancient loiterers of the Meadow Walk! They, and the Cage, and all the old ideas they cherished, have long since been swept away from the earth, leaving nothing but this vain babble to commemorate that such things ever were. The last of those whom I could recognise in maturer life, died a few years ago, and was the occasion of the following irregular Sapphic elegy, with which I shall conclude this paper:—

THE LAST OF THE SPENCERS.

Sigh for the old boy, this day departed,
Foggo by name, designed "of the Exchequer,"
He, the delightful, who might have been called the
Last of the Spencers.

Long at the Golf-house held he the supreme sway,
Long in Buccleugh Place paid he rent and taxes,
Long, 'mongst the toddlers out in the Meadows,
Was he looked up to.

Never again shall we see the old idler,
Stumping along with step so firm and manly,
Bound for the Cage, where cronies had assembled,
Spelling the papers.

Once in the Archers' Hall might he have presided
Over the Macers, who, with white neckcloths,
There had convened them, marking with a dinner
Rising of Session.

Many a dismal but cosy profundity
Could he once have divined to, hard by St Giles's;
Of, in particular down in Johnnie Dowie's,
Sipped he a cheerer.

Ah, that so much of the kindness of manhood,
Ah, that so much of the spirit of true jollity,
Ah, that so capital a relic of Old Edinburgh,
Should have been mortal!

Where, tell me where, shall we now find a specimen
Of the old smoother, frequenting the old taverns,
Who, while rejecting the heresy of trousers,
Still sports a spencer?

Vain were the attempt to find out such a rare one,
Even on the Meadow Walk, yea, or in Milne's Square;
There is no more now any thing so admirable
Found in existence.

ANTIPATHIES.

ANTIPATHY (from the Greek *anti*, opposite, and *pathos*, passion) is a term used in physiology to express the feeling of repugnance which certain persons experience at seeing, or being brought into the neighbourhood of, certain objects. That people are still found whose nervous system is shocked by the sight of mice, rats, spiders, eels, &c. and even by such inanimate and harmless substances as cheese and pork, is not to be doubted. But if old authors are to be believed, our ancestors had much greater variety of antipathies, and were more violently affected by them, than we. Donatus, a writer of the fifteenth century, relates many anecdotes of noble persons who would faint in the presence of a rose, and found it necessary to shut themselves up during the season of that flower, lest some friend entering with a nosegay might throw them into convulsions. Sir Kenelm Digby tells something still more wonderful: he gravely assures his readers that Lady Heneage, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, had her cheek blistered, in consequence of a rose being placed upon it while she was asleep. Francis I. of France is said to have had such an antipathy to apples, that, when they were at table, he would stuff his nostrils with bread, and one brought near his nose has caused it to fall a-bleeding. Many similar anecdotes are given respecting the horror with which individuals regarded certain kinds of animal food, or felt when it was secretly introduced. A nobleman would swoon when eels were brought to table under paste. Another individual nearly died in consequence of a friend trying to palm fish upon him under a disguise of eggs. A boy who had been brought up on nothing but bread, could never all his life touch animal food; and a Flemish girl who had been reared on milk, loathed bread, and could detect the least crumb of it in her mess.* James I. of England detested pork and ling, and his aversion to tobacco was as much physical as moral. He used to say, that if he had to entertain the devil at dinner, he would give him a pig, a poll of ling with mustard, and a pipe for digestion. According to Weinrichus, there was once a nobleman who was so much and so disagreeably affected on being looked at by old women, that, being suddenly brought to an interview with one, by way of a practical jest, he fell down, and died upon the spot.

* These instances are all to be found circumstantially related, with the original authorities, in a very curious book entitled "Wanley's Wonders of the Little World."

The older writers were so credulous, and information came to them so frequently through vicious channels, that we cannot place much dependence on any thing of an extraordinary character which they relate. Antipathies, however, have been treated by late writers whom we can hardly discredit. "That a human body," says the Hon. Robert Boyle, "is so framed as to suffer great changes from seemingly gentle impressions of external objects, is proved by many instances. The noise of an ungreased cart-wheel, the scraping of a knife, and some other such acute sounds, so affect several parts of the head as to set the teeth on edge. But these effects are much less considerable than those producible on an ingenious domestic of mine, whose gums will bleed upon the noise of tearing brown paper." Boyle further remarks, that "to look from a precipice will make the head giddy; the sight of a whirlpool has caused men to fall into it; and to fix the eyes upon the water beneath a ship under sail, will prove emetic; as I, for my health's sake, have often experienced. Henricus ab Heer mentions a lady who would faint at the sound of a bell, or any loud noise, and lie as if she were dead; but as she was thoroughly cured by a course of physis, it appears that this disposition proceeded from some particular texture of her body. With regard to sounds, one hysterical woman in fits shall even communicate them to another by aspect; and to show that distempered bodies may receive alterations, while sound ones remain the same, we need only consider that the subtle effluvia which float in the air before any change of weather, are felt by those valetudinarians who have formerly received bruises, wounds, or other injuries, and that, too, only in the very parts where they happened. Others we daily see, who are disordered by riding backward in a coach, and the scent of musk or ambergris, though grateful to others, will throw hysterical women into strange convulsions." The philosopher finally surmises that, as persons experience such sensations in consequence of a distempered frame, and may when sound have no such feelings, so may the antipathies which habitually affect some individuals for such creatures as cats and spiders, and for particular kinds of food, arise from a habitually distempered system in these persons. Among other cases, he states that the sight of spiders caused a commotion in his own blood; that the late gallant Earl of Barrymore fell trembling at the sight of tansey; and that the physician of a lady who had an antipathy to honey, once mixing some secretly with her medicine, caused a strange and unexpected disorder in the patient, which was only removed by medicines of a different kind. But the most surprising of all antipathies he refers to, was his own custom of falling into a shivering fit on hearing repeated two particular verses of the poet Lucan.

Zimmerman, the well-known German author, relates that he was once in an English company when the conversation turned on antipathies, which the most of the gentlemen present were inclined to treat as not existing in nature. Zimmerman himself contended that they were a reality, and arose from disease; in which opinion he was joined by a Mr Matthew, son of the governor of Barbadoes, who added that he was himself subject to a sentiment of this kind in reference to spiders. The company only laughed at Mr Matthew, and, by way of making some sport with him, Mr John Murray (afterwards Duke of Atholl) fashioned a piece of black wax into the form of a spider, and, with this concealed in his hand, re-entered the room, and approached his friend. Mr Matthew, imagining it was a real spider he held, and anticipating the most horrible sensations from the sight, immediately rushed to the wall, drew his sword to defend himself, and sent forth cries expressive of the utmost distress and fury. The muscles of his face swelled, his eye-balls rolled wildly, and his whole body became as stiff as a post. It was not for some time after being assured of the non-reality of the spider, that he recovered from the spasmodic state into which he had fallen. It is to be kept in mind, as in some measure accounting for such extraordinary sensations, that the spiders in Barbadoes are much larger and more hideous than those of Britain.

Dr Beattie treats this subject in his *Elements of Moral Science*, and mentions that he knew individuals who, though healthy and strong, were uneasy when they touched velvet, or saw others handling a piece of cork. He also states a very curious antipathy of his own. "In my younger days," says he, "if my hand happened to be cold, I could not, without uneasiness,

handle paper, or hear it rustle, or even hear its name mentioned. What could give rise to this, I know not; but I am sure there was no affectation in the case. Of this *pyrophobia*, I need not inform the reader, I was cured long ago." A contemporary of Dr Beattie, Mr William Tytler, author of the *Vindication of Queen Mary*, had the strongest repugnance to cheese, which was accordingly banished from his house, as even the smell of it offended him. On one occasion some of his children resolved to try if this sensation were real, and accordingly sewed a piece of cheese under the lining of a coat which he used to wear in his daily professional visits to the Parliament House, where the Court of Session is held. The old gentleman proceeded as usual to attend the court, but had no sooner sat down there, than he became sensible of the presence of the object of his aversion, and rushed home in an agony of disgust; nor did he recover his tranquillity till he had changed his coat. His family from this became convinced that the sensation was real, and no longer thought of troubling him about it. It may also be mentioned—though Beattie himself does not allude to it—that this distinguished poet and philosopher was possessed by a strong antipathy to a creature which is generally admired by mankind—the cock; which he anathematizes in *The Minstrel* as "fell chanticleer," ludicrously wishing that his sleep may be haunted by perpetual dreams of the fox.

While there is little reason to doubt the facts related by Boyle, Zimmerman, and Beattie, it cannot be disputed that most of the notions which prevail upon this subject, and many of the sensations professed to be felt, are purely fanciful. Our ancestors entertained such loose notions upon the subject, that they classed the hostility of sheep and wolf, and fox and poultry, as akin to the alleged repugnance of human beings to certain animals and substances; even assuring us that the sound of a drum made of wolf's skin will break another of sheep's skin, and that mice will fly at the sound of a fiddle strung with catgut! Some of the opinions of more recent writers are hardly more sound. If we inquire carefully into well-authenticated instances of antipathy, we shall find them less wonderful than they at first sight appear. They seem to consist of three kinds. First, repugnance to certain kinds of food, which in reality is nothing else than an exaggeration of that common taste of the palate, which leads us to prefer one thing to another. Second, repugnance to certain creatures and substances, which seems to consist simply in the disagreeable impression which these creatures and substances make upon the senses of sight and smell. Third, repugnance to the contact of certain substances, and to the hearing of certain sounds, which seems referable to a certain sensibility of the organs of touch and hearing. What is agreeable to the taste of some is unpleasant to that of others; we appreciate beautiful and dislike ugly objects, through causes, which, however mysterious, are too constantly in operation to give us any surprise; certain smells, again, though some are indifferent to them, may operate more acutely upon olfactory organs of greater delicacy; while the preference of sweet to harsh or grating or chinking sounds, is almost universal, though more decided in some constitutions than in others, and the agreeableness or disagreeableness of certain kinds of cloth, as a first garment above the skin, must have been equally a matter of general, though irregular experience.

While all real antipathies seem thus to resolve themselves into mere varieties of nervous sensation, it ought not to be overlooked, that in many cases they have little other basement than in affectation, or are the result of erroneous culture. Many females accustom themselves to a nervous shrinking timidity or sensibility, which they manifest on all occasions which they deem appropriate, and particularly at sight of a mouse or any other creature that is seldom seen. Although it is perfectly well known that the mouse flies from the human presence with a timidity implanted in it by nature, these individuals will scream at its accidental appearance, and for half an hour after it has vanished. One-third part of these exhibitions may in general be set down to real feeling; but another third may be safely laid to the account of a habitual and self-deceiving affectation, and the remaining portion to the deliberately assumed affectation of the moment—one-third to surprise, one-third to custom, one-third to an immediate desire of producing a little flattering interest. We are taught, moreover, from our infancy to regard many innocent creatures with loathing: is it wonderful that, when we grow up, we should continue the practice? "A good education," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, "will prevent the growth of the greater part of these troublesome and adventitious parts of the human constitution; and too much care cannot be taken in regulating the supposed antipathies of children, by familiarizing them with all kinds of objects,

by exposing the fabulous stories concerning the hurtful qualities of many things which are altogether harmless; and by teaching them to view without emotion such as are really dangerous, in consequence of showing the means of defence, and the methods of escaping their noxious influence."

NOOR JEHAN, THE MOGUL EMPRESS.*

It was from the seraglio at Delhi, in India, that the celebrated Noor Jehan, Jehangire's favourite empress, fulminated those decrees—for though they passed in her husband's name, it is creditably attested that they emanated from her—which rendered the reign of Jehangire one of the most politically prosperous in the annals of Mahomedan history. This remarkable woman was as extraordinary in her birth as in her life, in her obscurity as in her exaltation. The whole period of her existence, though so long confined within the walls of a seraglio, was one signal display of intellectual energy, marvellous enterprise, and boundless ambition. She had not only the mind to conceive, but the resolution to act; not only the spirit to undertake, but the fortitude to endure. The peculiar circumstances of her birth form one of the finest episodes in Farishta's history.

This celebrated woman was the daughter of Chaja Alass, a native of Western Tartary, who was of an ancient and noble race, though under the various vicissitudes of "time and circumstance" his family had sunk into comparative destitution. He therefore quitted his country for Hindostan, hoping under the Mogul emperor to repair the loss of fortune. Having become enamoured of a young woman, as poor but enthusiastic as himself, he married her. This so incensed his family that they discarded him; when he, under the excitement of indignation at what he considered to be his wrongs, mounted his wife upon an old horse, and, walking by her side, proceeded towards the capital of the renowned Akbar. Their scanty supply of money was soon exhausted. They had no means of procuring sustenance, and were apparently fast approaching destruction. They had not tasted food for three days: difficulties every moment accumulated upon them; and to crown their misery, the wife of the Tartar was seized with the pains of labour. Assisted only by her wretched husband, she gave birth to a daughter. They were in the midst of a vast desert, where the foot of man but seldom penetrated, and had no other prospect but of perishing with hunger or by wild beasts. Chaja Alass having placed his wife upon the horse as soon as he could do so with safety, found himself unable to follow with the infant. The mother was too weak to carry it, and there was but one alternative. The struggle of nature was a severe one; there was, however, no choice left between death and parental subjugation. It was agreed by the half-distracted parents that the new-born pledge of their affection must be abandoned. They covered it with leaves, and left it in the path to the mercy of that God who can protect the babe in the desert as well as the sovereign on his throne.

The miserable pair pursued their journey in silence and in agony. After a short progress, the invincible yearnings of nature prevailed over the torments of hunger and thirst, and the bereaved mother called distractedly for her child. The heart of the husband was subdued by her sufferings. Dashing the tear from his cheek, he undertook to return and restore it to her arms. He retraced his steps, but was paralysed with horror, on arriving at the spot where he had left his infant, to see a large black snake wreathed round it. In a paroxysm of desperation he rushed forward, when the monster, gradually uncoiling itself, retired into the hollow of a tree. He snatched up the child, and bore it in ecstasy to the anxious mother. It had received no hurt, and whilst by their caresses they were expressing their exultation at its singular escape, some travellers overtook them, who supplied them with food, and enabled them to resume their journey. They advanced by easy stages till they reached Lahore.

Soon after the arrival of the poor Tartar in this city, where the great Akbar then held his court, he was fortunate enough to attract that emperor's attention, and by an extraordinary accession of good fortune became finally high treasurer of the empire. His daughter, as she grew up, excelled all the loveliest women of the East, and was therefore named Mher-ul-Nissa, or the sun of women. The greatest care was taken to make her mistress of every accomplishment which could impart an additional fascination to the natural graces of her sex. In vivacity, wit, spirit, and all those elegant attainments in which women especially excel, she was equalled by few and surpassed by none. In masculine vigour of understanding she stood alone and unapproached. The emperor's son, Selim, afterwards so well known as the Emperor Jehangire, having seen her, became enamoured of her, and this hasty prepossession the ambitious fair one exerted all her powers to strengthen. In the frenzy of his passion, Prince Selim applied to Akbar for his consent to marry her, but the latter sternly refused it. Shortly after, the lovely daughter of Chaja Alass became the wife of Shere Afkun, a Turkoman noble of high distinction, to whom she had been long betrothed.

Selim was from that moment the bitter foe of his

successful rival; he secretly disseminated calumnies to the injury of Shere Afkun, who in disgust retired from court into the province of Bengal, where he obtained from the governor the vice-generacy of Burdwan, a considerable district in that province. When Prince Selim became emperor, his passion for the daughter of Alass revived in full force; the restraint being removed under which the smothered flame had been so long and so painfully suppressed, it burst forth with increased fierceness. He was now absolute, and determined to possess the object of his disappointed love; he therefore made advances towards a reconciliation with Shere Afkun, but the brave Turkoman for a time resisted all his importunities; perceiving their object, and resolving to part neither with his wife nor with his honour, as he could not resign the one without relinquishing the other. His strength was prodigious, and his bravery equal to his strength; his integrity was unimpeached, his reputation high, and he was alike feared and respected by all classes. Upon every occasion where danger was imminent, he was foremost to encounter it, while his valour was the theme of many a romance, and of many a song. His bodily vigour was so great that he had slain a lion single-handed, from which circumstance he obtained the cognomen of Shere Afkun, or the lion-slayer, his original name being Asta Jillo. He had been much esteemed by Akbar, who valued alike his bravery and his virtues.

Soon after Jehangire ascended the imperial throne of the Moguls, Shere Afkun was invited to court, whither, after repeated solicitations, he repaired, trusting to his own high reputation for security against any tyrannical exercise of the sovereign power. Upon his arrival, he was much caressed by the emperor in order to lull suspicion: open and generous himself, he suspected no treachery in others. A day was at length appointed for the chase: the omrahs and inferior nobles assembled, and the forest-haunts of the lion and tiger were explored. The hunters soon inclosed a mighty beast of the latter species, of which the emperor being apprised, immediately proceeded to the spot. He demanded of those around him who would venture to attack it: all stood silent and confounded. Shere Afkun began to hope that the enterprise would devolve upon him, when three omrahs stepped forward and offered to encounter the forest tyrant. The pride of the bold Turkoman was roused; they had challenged the encounter, and he therefore could not set aside their prior claim to the distinction which they insisted upon striving for. Shere Afkun, fearing that he was likely to be rivalled, and that his fame would thus be tarnished, advanced, and presenting himself before the emperor, said firmly, "To attack an unarmed creature with weapons is neither fair nor manly. The Deity has given limbs and sinews to man as well as to tigers, and has imparted reason to the former in order to countervail the deficiency of strength."

The omrahs declined such a perilous contest, when the bold warrior, to the emperor's surprise and delight, instantly cast aside his weapon and his shield, and prepared to engage the tiger unarmed. The encounter is described with the most appalling minuteness by the Mogul historians. After a desperate conflict, and mangled by terrific wounds, the heroic Afkun forced his arm down the throat of his adversary, grasped him firmly by the root of the tongue, and finally strangled him. Thus were the secret expectations of Jehangire defeated, and the fame of this extraordinary exploit resounded through the empire.

Shere had scarcely recovered, when private orders were given to the driver of a large elephant to waylay him and tread him to death. He saw the elephant approach; the street was narrow, and there were no means of escape. Perceiving his danger, he ordered his bearers to turn, but they threw down the palanquin and fled. The Turkoman, undismayed, sprang instantly upon his feet, drew his sword, and before the elephant could accomplish its fatal purpose, severed its trunk close to the root. The huge animal immediately dropped and expired. Jehangire witnessed the action. He had placed himself at a small lattice that overlooked the street. He was perfectly amazed, but disappointment and vexation banished from his bosom the better feelings of his nature. Shere Afkun waited upon the emperor, and communicated to him what he had done. Jehangire extolled his bravery with warmth, and thus escaped the hero's suspicion.

He was not, however, permitted to remain long unmolested. Kutub, suba or governor of Bengal, knowing his master's wishes, and in order to ensure his further favour, hired forty ruffians to assassinate the dreaded omrah. So confident was the latter in his own strength and valour, that he took no precaution to protect himself either against secret or open enemies. He retained only an old porter in his house, all his other servants occupying apartments at a distance. The assassins entered his room, where their victim was asleep, when one of them, touched with remorse, cried out, "Hold! are we men? What! forty to one, and afraid to encounter him awake!" The Turkoman, aroused by this timely and manly exhortation, started from his bed, seized his sword, and retiring backward before the assassins had all entered, reached the corner of the apartment, where he prepared to defend himself to the last extremity. The ruffians, fearing their victim would escape, rushed on him so tumultuously that they encumbered each other. Shere Afkun,

* FROM THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL, FOR 1835.

taking advantage of their confusion, laid several of them dead at his feet; many others fell desperately wounded, and the rest betook themselves to flight. The man who had warned the hero of his danger stood fixed in mute astonishment at the prowess of him whom he had been hired to murder. His intended victim advanced, and, kindly taking his hand, welcomed him as his deliverer. Having ascertained from the man's reluctant confession by whom the assassins had been hired, he dismissed him with a liberal benefaction.

This remarkable exploit was repeated from mouth to mouth with a thousand exaggerations, so that whenever Shere Afkun appeared abroad, he was followed and pointed at as a man of superhuman powers; but in order to avoid the recurrence of perils similar to those from which he had so recently escaped, he retired to Burdwan.

Meanwhile the suba of Bengal had received the emperor's orders to dispatch this extraordinary man, but dared not openly execute them. Coming with a great retinue to Burdwan, about sixty miles from the modern capital of this extensive province, under pretence of making a tour of the territory placed under his political superintendence, he communicated to his principal officers the secret of his mission. The devoted omrah went out to meet the suba as he was entering the town, and the latter affected to treat him with great cordiality. In the progress of the cavalcade, a pikeman, pretending that Shere Afkun was in the way, rudely struck his horse. The indignant noble, knowing that no soldier would have done this without orders, immediately saw that his life was aimed at, and directly spurred his horse towards the elephant of the treacherous suba, tore down the howda, and slew the cowardly Kuttub before any of his guards could rescue him; then turning upon the omrahs, five were almost instantly sacrificed to his just revenge.

Terrified at his prowess, the soldiers began to discharge their arrows and muskets at him from a distance; his horse, struck by a ball in the forehead, fell dead under him. Covered with wounds, and bleeding at every pore, the still undaunted lion-slayer called on the suba's officers to advance and meet him in single combat, but they, one and all, declined the encounter. At length, seeing his end approaching, the brave Turkoman, like a devout Mahomedan, turned his face towards Mecca, threw some dust upon his head by way of ablution, there being no water near, and standing up calm and undimmed before the armed files of his murderers, received at one discharge six balls in his body, and expired without a groan.

The beautiful widow was immediately transported to Delhi, but Jehangire refused to see her, whether from remorse or policy is uncertain. He ordered her to be confined in one of the worst apartments of the seraglio. The daughter of the Tartar Aiasa was a woman of haughty spirit, and could ill brook this indifference. It preyed deeply upon her mind. Meanwhile she was not idle. Being very expert at working tapestry and all kinds of embroidery, and in painting silks with the richest devices, she applied herself with great assiduity to those employments. In a short time the exquisite productions of her taste and skill became the talk of the capital. The ladies of the omrahs of Delhi and Agra would wear nothing on grand occasions but what came from the hands of the beautiful Mher-ul-Nissaa. She therefore soon became the oracle of fashion and of taste. Whilst she affected an extreme simplicity in her own dress, she attired her attendants in the richest tissues and brocades, making those who had attractive persons the vehicles for setting off to advantage the works of her own industry. She thus amassed a considerable sum of money, and became more celebrated in her obscurity than she had hitherto been as the wife of the most distinguished hero of his age. Her milder glories had been hitherto eclipsed by the predominance of his.

The accomplishments of this singular woman were soon carried to the ears of the emperor, who had probably by this time forgotten the ascendancy which she once held over his heart. He determined, therefore, to see her, in order to have ocular proof whether the voice of public report was a truth or an exaggeration. Resolving to take her by surprise, he unexpectedly entered her apartment, when, at the sight of her unrivalled beauty, all his former passion revived in an instant. She was reclining on a sofa in an undress robe of plain white muslin, which exhibited her faultless shape to the best advantage, and became her better than the richest brocades of Bagdat, or the finest embroideries of Cashmere. As soon as the emperor entered, the siren rose with an agitation that served only to heighten her charms, and fixed her eyes on the ground with well-dissembled confusion. Jehangire stood mute with amazement; rapture took immediate possession of his soul.

He was dazzled by the perfection of her form, the dignity of her mien, and the transcendent loveliness of her features. Advancing to where she stood in the plenitude of her beauty, he took her hand, declared his resolution to make her his empress, and immediately a proclamation was issued for the celebration of the royal nuptials with the lovely relict of the late Shere Afkun.

The name of Mher-ul-Nissaa was exchanged for that of Noor Mahal—"the light of the harem." From this moment she became the favourite wife of the sovereign of the Moguls. In the climax of her exaltation her name was again changed to Noor Jehan, or "the light

of the world." As a distinguishing mark of her pre-eminence in the emperor's affections, she was allowed to assume the title of Shaha, or empress. The current coin was stamped with her name, as well as with the sovereign's. Her family was held next in rank to the princes of the blood, and advanced to places of the highest trust. Its members were admitted to privileges which had never before been enjoyed by subjects under the Mogul domination. Her influence exceeded that of any person in the empire, not even excepting the emperor; and, perhaps, under the rigid scrupulosity of Mogul policy with regard to women sharing in the administration of the state, there never has been an instance of one of the sex attaining an ascendancy so paramount, and such perfect political control over the destinies of so many subject principalities as the renowned Noor Jehan.

A FEW DAYS IN FRANCE.

SEVRES, ST CLOUD, VERSAILLES.

EVERY visitor of Paris endeavours to spare a day to see Versailles, the principal royal residence in France, and interesting on account of its historical associations.* It is also well worthy of a visit, from the beauty of the scenery around it, and the number of sights which gratify the eye on the way leading towards it from the capital. Versailles is situated at the distance of about twelve miles in a westerly direction from Paris; and to reach it, the tourist must pass St Cloud and Sevres, both exceedingly worthy of attention, and situated nearly half way. The road which communicates with these places is one of the most pleasing in the neighbourhood of Paris. It leaves the city at the western extremity of the garden of the Tuilleries, and proceeds close along the north or right bank of the Seine for several miles, being for a considerable distance skirted on the other side by the groves of trees forming the Champs Elysée. After getting beyond the Barrier de Passey—a suburban village at which may always be seen a number of carriers unloading their wains to satisfy the searching glance of the attending douaniers—the road becomes more open, and affords rural prospects of exceeding beauty. There is an opinion among us that the environs of Paris are unornamented with cottages, villas, or gentlemen's seats. This is a very erroneous idea. Although the wealthy and titled Parisians seem much more fond of living within the walls of the city than is the case with the English, with respect to any of their great towns, yet Paris is not by any means destitute of environs laid out in the ornamental villa style. This is particularly the case on the road to Versailles. On a rising ground on the right are placed a series of charming villas, with terraces, verandahs, and gardens, called Boullainvilliers, fit for the residence of the most opulent and refined classes; and on looking towards the left, across the river and flatish country which intervenes betwixt it and the rising ground beyond, the tourist is equally delighted with the richness of the scene—its luxuriant fields and enclosures—its ornamental cottages, villages, and other components of a luxuriant prospect. The rising ground which terminates this pleasing view forms a sweep round in a northerly direction, and with its green woody banks intercepts the river in its westerly current, and turns it sharply towards the north. In proceeding to Versailles, therefore, the stranger has to cross the Seine; and it is exactly at this spot that the scenery is most beautiful. The water is crossed by a substantial stone bridge, partly rebuilt since the demolition of one of its arches by Blucher in 1815. Immediately beyond the bridge, on the face, and in an opening of the rising ground, stands the large village of Sevres; and farther down the stream, on the face of the same elevation, may be seen the town and palace of St Cloud, dotting the heights with romantic residences and clusters of buildings, which descend tier after tier down to the sylvan banks of the river. Sevres and St Cloud may be considered to form one piece; and taking in the whole at a glance as you pass the bridge—grouping together hill, forest, gardens, rustic arbours, villas, clusters of white houses, and palatial splendours, all composing a bewildering foreground of beautiful and rural objects—the visitor will not fail to declare that he had no anticipation of beholding a scene so fair and picturesque.

At present, the palace of St Cloud is occupied as a residence by the family of Louis Phillip, and is therefore only at certain times open to public inspection; but the royal parks, which are of great extent, finely

wooded and decorated with statues and other works of art, are daily open for promenading, and are a favourite resort of the Parisians. One of the objects principally worthy of notice, independent of the palace, is the new church, which contains some good pictures; in the surrounding cemetery there is pointed out, among other tombs, that of the celebrated actress Mrs Jordan, who here terminated her days in a state of comparative wretchedness.

Turning from the natural and artificial beauties of St Cloud, the visitor is next delighted with Sevres, through which he must pass on his way. I would recommend that this place should be visited in a private conveyance, and not by the diligence for Versailles, in order that time may be afforded to view the exquisite productions of art for which Sevres is so justly famed. Sevres is a populous village lying on the face of the before-mentioned hill, and partly in an opening which permits the passage of the road. It is an extremely ancient place, it being known to have existed in the sixth century; but it is now only distinguished for its magnificent manufactory of porcelain, which was seated here under the royal auspices in 1759. The manufactory is a large and handsome building, standing on the declivity of the bank on the south side of the road. This extensive edifice contains a collection, or, properly speaking, ware-rooms, exhibiting specimens of an immense variety of kinds of china, earthenware, and pottery, all of which are daily open to the inspection of visitors, either for purposes of curiosity or of purchasing. The beauty and costliness of the articles which are shown cannot fail to astonish the English stranger. Great exertions are made to produce articles not only of the finest material and colour, but of the most elegant and classic patterns; and the whole world, ancient as well as modern, seems to have been ransacked to procure figures worthy of being adopted. The whole establishment is supported by the government, which, however, is nearly remunerated by the receipts for purchases. It is here that are manufactured those magnificent vases and other articles which are occasionally given as presents to foreign princes and ambassadors. One of the most splendid vases ever manufactured at Sevres was presented by Charles X. to the Duke of Northumberland, who attended his coronation as the representative of George IV.

Let us now hasten on to Versailles. After passing Sevres, and again getting upon a level country, richly wooded and well populated, the road begins to be lined with tall leafy trees on either side, and for several miles pursues a course through a spacious avenue, straight up to the front of the palace. On issuing from this spacious thoroughfare, you enter upon a large open area, or parade-ground, on the right and left of which are situated the royal stables, most extensive buildings, capable of accommodating ten thousand horses. On each side of the area there is a row of houses, occupied as hotels, coffee-rooms, diligence-offices, and private dwellings, and forming part of the once very splendid and populous, but now greatly fallen-off, town of Versailles. Looking in front, we perceive at the head of a gentle ascent, and environed with a tall gilt railing, the suite of massive edifices composing the celebrated palace.

Versailles was a mean village till the reign of Louis XIII., who there built a hunting-seat, and his attachment to the spot induced many courtiers to build houses near it; but it was not till the reign of Louis XIV. that Versailles became remarkable. When that prince had determined to build a sumptuous palace, he wished also to have a town to correspond with it. He therefore gave great encouragement and granted many privileges to those who built houses at Versailles; so that in a few years a magnificent town arose. The palace was begun by Louis XIV. in 1664, and finished in 1702, the edifices which he erected having the old hunting-seat of Louis XIII. as a nucleus, from which they diverged in different directions. Neither expense nor toil was spared to render the palace and its dependencies the most splendid in Europe. Such a design was but a part of a grand project which he formed, namely, to acquire universal monarchy. He had the ambition to be King of the World, and to make Versailles the capital of the earth. To accomplish this magnificent and mischievous dream, Louis dissipated between thirty and forty millions of pounds sterling in completing the works at Versailles, and this enormous outlay, coupled with his expensive wars, as is well known to the reader of history, clouded with misfortune the end of his long reign, impoverished France, and contributed to hasten the progress of that dreadful revolution, which, in 1789-93, overwhelmed royalty and all the established institutions of the country. Viewed in connection with recollections such as these, Versailles is perhaps one of the most interesting spots on the earth's surface. Its splendid pavilions and halls, its stately walks, and long-withdrawing richly ornamented gardens and parks, have, not without reason, been described as altogether forming an earthly paradise; yet, withal, they read a sermon of the most impressive kind; and, while we admire, we cannot help shuddering at the remembrance of the dreadful penalty which was incurred for their profuse splendours.

* Omnibuses start from the foot of Rue Rivoli about every half hour for Versailles; places must be taken; fare from one and a half to two francs.

As it would be impossible to do justice to my subject in a single paper, I consider it will be better to leave the description of the palace, and wonderful parks of Versailles, as well as the Trianons, to form the subject of another article.

ETIQUETTE.

IN an unfrequented and thinly peopled part of the country, towards the western borders of Warwickshire, there chanced to be let furnished two large substantial houses, distant about a mile and a half from each other. It happened, also, that two families of distinction came at the same time, and for reasons as cogent, though somewhat different from those of the absentees, took possession of both. The one family consisted of four fair daughters and a youthful son; the other of a son, now of age, and of two younger sisters. The head of the one house was Sir Marmaduke Dyer; the chief of the other, Sir Frederick De Vere. The dwelling-houses of which we have spoken stood alone upon a superficies of fifteen miles square: they faced each other—but there was no immediate route of accommodation between them—and a market village and a parish church lay far away to the rear of both.

The families whom we thus introduce to the reader were equal in rank, pretty much upon a par with respect to the style of their respective connections, and, for a wonder, pretty equal in wealth. Lady Dyer was a woman of elegant manners, and of first-rate accomplishments, and her daughters were her counterparts, as far as regarded initiation into the usages of the *haut ton*. Lady De Vere was all this repeated, the son was handsome and well esteemed, and the girls were pretty. Both families, indeed, consisted of persons who were by nature, habits of thinking, and manner of life, perfectly suited to one another. Indeed, more agreeably amalgamating materials could nowhere have been found. They were in a manner born congenials, and their breeding was in harmony with all the other features of their condition.

There is a small, still voice, or rather a pretty loud one, that proclaims every thing to every body, wherever there are but a few inhabitants scattered over a solitude. The families could tell to the scanty guests who came from afar in order to fulfil their long-promised visits, the whole history, character, and condition of all the individuals who composed the household of each other respectively. But their personal knowledge was a blank; the parties were not acquainted; no, not in the least. They had never met even upon neutral ground. They had, perhaps, tracked one another through the queen's drawing-room, and that never on the same day. Unluckily, too, they went each to separate churches, and in their drives and pastimes they chose a contrary direction; for in this each was simply guided by the fear of being suspected of seeking for the good graces of the other.

A year and a day passed. The families tired, as every body does, of their own particular coterie. In a word, both families longed, and eventually prayed, to be permitted to sympathise and to reciprocate with one another. As we can but too well guess the enmity or the inclining dislike of the different persons whom we encounter in our worldly pilgrimage, so there happens to breathe an air that tells us we are coveted, though it is very rare that we may be beloved. The families were aware of the good intentions of each other; and situated as they were upon a wide and almost dreary solitude, and both of equal and unexceptionable rank and character, both sighed for the hour when they might be permitted to express their mutual good wishes and regard. But there came the dilemma—who was it that should adventure the first move? Alas! the heads of both families shuddered at the bare idea of being for a moment suspected of descending from their dignity; sympathy, kindness, benevolence, what were they when placed in immediate opposition to the claims of punctilio and pride?

Another year passed, and they had never met. Both families, especially the younger branches, mourned their solitude, especially in wintry weather. Both sighed for that pleasing relief which we so often experience in the presence of a fellow being not constantly shut up with us in the same house. Still, notwithstanding the good inclinations of all the parties, there was not even a casual symptom of an approach. The grand misfortune, equal to any, indeed, ever planned by a book of fate, lay in their having unluckily arrived in the country at one and the same time. Had it been otherwise, the first comer, on ascertaining the quality of his neighbours, would have hastened, no doubt, to compliment the second. What, then, was to be done?

Sir Marmaduke Dyer sat one evening rather late over a tray heavily laden with social comforts, in company with the country physician; and having kept his birth-day, Sir Marmaduke was in a mood uncommonly facetious; the rest of the family had dispersed. "I wish so much," he said, "that Lady Dyer had had the pleasure of Lady De Vere's acquaintance. I know them to be a most respectable family, and by the

way, through the grandfather old Sir Willoughby's marriage with a sister of the first Marquis of Mountford, I find that I am, though rather in a distant degree, connected with them myself. Such delightful neighbours, too!—they might prove quite an acquisition; but I don't know them, and there is no master of ceremonies at the neighbouring village."

"And is that all?" returned the friendly visitor, in a voice of sudden glee, and beguiled completely by the cordiality of the Baronet's opening words. "Why, my dear sir, I shall take you to call on Sir Frederick De Vere myself, any day; I am most intimate with him."

"Thank you," drawled the Baronet in response; "but the truth is, I have got very little time upon my hands just now. By the way, doctor, do you ever find any difficulty in making out your way when it grows late?—the moon has waned, I fear, by this time."

The doctor rose, a half-scared young man, who always did his best, but always at the wrong time. "Well, good night, Sir Marmaduke."

"Good night," returned Sir Marmaduke coldly, hastily resuming his seat.

A servant came to wait for orders. "Is he gone?" yawned Sir Marmaduke.

"He is, Sir Marmaduke; and the night is wet."

"Just so. Now, Gregory, you will take care that that man be not admitted for the next three months, unless, indeed, Lady Dyer or any of the others get indisposed. He is a great goose. Call Stevenson;" and the Baronet, still brooding over the unintentioned attack upon his dignity, and the still more serious one upon etiquette, murmuring indistinct things, retired.

It happened at this very time that Sir Frederick De Vere, the head of the other house, had had a lingering sickness. His daughters, fatigued with their long attendance, were gone to Cheltenham; the son was gone to grouse-shooting in the north. Lady De Vere disliked cards, and chess, and music; she disliked every thing, and she seldom talked; she was solemn—that was enough; and of course Sir Frederick grew weary. His next neighbour, Dyer, was a most agreeable man, and a perfect gentleman; politics the same, religion ditto; no cause, no fear of feud; was no bird of passage, and might comfort a few lonely hours—his son had expectations. So commended Sir Frederick De Vere. But another motive prevailed; he thought himself handsome, and he wanted to pay compliments to the Misses Dyer, who were esteemed beauties. Lady De Vere was different from all other women. She loved that her husband should be, in vulgar parlance, "thought of" by others of her own sex. Sir Frederick determined to make a push. He had an old or rather an intimate friend in the Earl De Camp. He wrote—"My dear De Camp, if you know any thing of Sir Marmaduke Dyer, who is my neighbour, get me introduced. I write to you, as you are one of those good sort of people who know every body. In haste, yours truly, F. DE VERE."

An answer came—

"Dear De Vere, you have hit upon the proper chord. I know Sir Marmaduke intimately; I shall write to him to-morrow, and desire him to call on you."

The Baronet had mended still more effectually out of his long illness, and his notions of propriety, and more especially of *etiquette*, had grown afresh.

"Church and State!" he internally exclaimed, "what in the world have I done? Dyer must see through my manoeuvre at once, for De Camp could not, without a hint, have started forward at such a rate." He rose with new-found alacrity, and rung a peal. "Get me," he said, half out of breath, "get me an express on the instant."

He wrote again to the Earl De Camp—

"What have you done? You have committed me with Dyer. You have been insufferably rash; and all that I can say is, that, if he calls upon Lady De Vere through your letter, she shall not be at home. I make over to you that cob, which I find has not sold; otherwise it might have eaten itself up.—Yours truly, F. DE VERE."

The fears of Sir Frederick De Vere were fortunately allayed. Another letter came from the Earl De Camp—"Dear De Vere, you certainly are crazed; however, I have not sent my letter to Sir Marmaduke. I was dressing for a ball, when I recollected what I had promised to do for you; and it was awkward to interfere with the arrangements of my valet. Luckily the next day brought your express. Pray live at home at ease, and believe me, yours, DE CAMP."

"P.S.—I like the cob, and I don't like the cob."

Another horrid year passed on. A public ball was struck up, to take place in the county town; and it was announced that Sir Marmaduke Dyer and Sir Frederick De Vere were to appear as stewards, and their ladies as patronesses. Meet, therefore, they must. The day came. But, oh, misfortune! Sir Frederick De Vere, in making a false step, had sprained an ankle—Lady De Vere was confined with a bad cold. Here then was a complete finish to the anticipated meeting. Another year, and then another, passed away: gamekeepers had exchanged quantities of pheasants for quantities of something else; gardeners had given up white moss-roses in order to secure blackberry-coloured narcissuses; horses were put to pasture for a night, and the use of empty coach-houses sought for, and readily granted. Nevertheless, all this friendly and even intimate intercommuning came to nothing. Each

family shrunk as from a viper at the mere idea of taking advantage of any of these conciliatory circumstances. They even suspected the suspicions of each other, and there they paused. The demon *etiquette* was ever at their elbow, prompting them to stem the outgushing of their naturally kindly affections. He was too successful in his assiduities.

For five mortal years were human beings, intellectual, accomplished, friendly, and social, thus kept at bay, and detained in comfortless ignorance of one another, through the mere idea, the vague nothing, of *etiquette*; and *etiquette*, insubstantial as it was, was likely to see them all departed from off the face of the earth, and no trace remain. Indeed, two deaths had recently occurred in both of the families; a daughter of each had grown consumptive, and sunk beneath that foe to loveliness and to youth. No black-edged cards had, however, been sent; no reciprocal inquiries had been made; pride and suspicion seemed in this instance to overmatch even the awful occurrence of death itself.

At length a fire broke out. The accident, as it is called, took place at Sir Frederick De Vere's; the family, simply escaping with their lives, were conveyed in safety to the neighbouring mansion of the Dyers. The meeting took place under rather interesting circumstances, and further acquaintance did not destroy the illusion: the parties when once known became one and every thing to each other; but—that fearful, that all-prevailing *but*—all too late: the only son of Sir Frederick became enamoured of the lovely daughter of Sir Marmaduke. Alas! she had engaged to marry, within a month, a man whom she had uniformly detested. The son of Sir Marmaduke, now grown to man's estate, fancied the younger daughter of Sir Frederick. Alas! she also was engaged to espouse an Irish colonel of foot, of whom she knew nothing. The new-found lover himself must shortly follow his regiment abroad. Sir Marmaduke Dyer and Sir Frederick De Vere were become on the instant the greatest possible friends; personally they esteemed each other, and mentally they agreed upon every thing. The ladies—ah! wonder fulfilled!—the ladies also became attached to each other. All was, however, too late. The lease of Teasdale House, the residence of Lady Dyer, was out, and she and her's were all departing. Sir Frederick and Lady De Vere must also move. The fire had driven them forth, and they must be gone. The Dyers went north, the De Veres went south. The families were obliged to separate, and that in the height of their mutual regard. They who when met had so fondly and so truly loved, parted as all must, and we fear with but feeble hope to meet again. Such is one of the many examples we could name of the power, the tyranny, of *ETIQUETTE*.

THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

Few persons, especially in the country, have any adequate idea of the vast and expensive enginery, as it may be called, which is employed in bringing into existence those sheets by which public intelligence is diffused so speedily from the metropolis to the remotest parts of the realm. Under a belief that an account of this complicated machinery may amuse and even impress many of our readers, we have been at some pains to collect information for the composition of one or two articles upon the subject—which, however, we must premise by a caveat, that, in such matters, there can only be an approximation to correctness, and that, if we should be found to err in any particular, we do so without the slightest intention of thereby injuring or offending any person or interest that may be concerned.

The London newspapers may be divided into three classes, according to their various periods of publication—the daily, the twice or thrice a-week, and the weekly. The daily, which are in a general point of view the most important, and which at present we have only room to notice at length, may again be divided into the morning and evening; and to these we shall in the first place advert.

The expense attending the establishing and carrying on of a London daily newspaper reaches an amount of which the most of our readers cannot have the most distant idea. To set a-going a morning paper, in particular, requires an advance of capital calculated at from L.50,000 to L.60,000; the risk at the same time being so great, that only wealthy partnerships could adventure on such speculations. It has been assumed that capital to the amount of L.500,000, at least, is vested in the daily press of London, of which two-thirds, or nearly so, may be represented by the morning papers. The capital employed in the *Times* has been variously estimated at from L.100,000 to L.150,000, and the annual profit at about L.25,000; the greater part of which, however, arises from advertisements, of which this paper has long been the most favoured vehicle. It is true, that, in point of capital, the *Times* stands far ahead of all the other daily papers; but several even of the evening papers are valued at L.50,000, L.60,000, and L.80,000.

The current expenses of a daily morning paper are indeed enormous. Employed upon each are an editor; a sub-editor (in some also a city editor); from ten to fourteen regular reporters, with salaries; from thirty to thirty-five compositors (some of whom, called full hands—i.e. who work the whole day—receiving £2, 8s. 6d. weekly, besides payment for over-hours; two readers, and two reading-boys who read the copy aloud while the others correct the proofs; a master-printer or foreman; machine men and boys; a publisher, and sometimes a sub-publisher; office-clerks, to receive advertisements and keep accounts; a porter, errand-boys, casual servants, &c. &c. The weekly payments made to the whole individuals on the establishment have been stated at £300; and if to this be added the other individual expenditure, the weekly amount will reach nearly £300. But the actual nature of the expenditure will best be seen by the following statement, drawn up by a gentleman formerly connected with the London press, and whose report may therefore be reckoned pretty accurate. He gives it as a fair estimate of the expense of getting out 313 papers, the number published in one year:—

	Per week.	Per annum.
Principal editor . . .	£21 0 0	£1092 0 0
Second editor . . .	10 10 0	546 0 0
City editor . . .	10 10 0	546 0 0
Twelve reporters, each . . .	5 5 0	3276 0 0
Two readers, both . . .	5 5 0	273 0 0
Two reading-boys . . .	3 3 0	150 12 0
Publisher . . .	4 4 0	218 8 0
Clerk . . .	2 2 0	109 4 0
Printer . . .	4 4 0	218 8 0
Porters and errand-boys . . .	4 4 0	218 8 0
Treasurer and manager . . .	10 10 0	546 0 0
Compositors, machine-men, &c. including all the requisites for printing, each about . . .	80 0 0	4160 0 0
Circuits, 18 per annum, each . . .	20 0 0	360 0 0
Expenses of all kinds, including French (£436, 10s.), postages, carriages, &c. Occasional reports of police affairs, in- ferior courts, inquests, meetings, &c. Literary assistance not included in above, foreign correspondence, and occasional payments for private information . . .		546 0 0
Office rent, taxes, lights, wear and tear, and interest on fixed capital . . .		1092 0 0

From the preceding estimate it is seen that the annual cost of getting up the *Times* newspaper must amount to the prodigious sum of £15,000; but there is reason to believe that even this estimate is under the actual outlay. It is believed, indeed, to exceed by a great amount the average outlay of the other morning papers, some of whom contrive to restrict their weekly outlay to about £170, instead of £300. Few, if any, of the other editors receive so large a sum as 1000 guineas a-year for their trouble, their salaries ranging from that down to £600; and there are proportional restrictions in the other items of expenditure.

To meet such an expense as that just stated, depends almost entirely upon the advertisements; as will be seen by the following calculation. The average circulation of the morning papers is estimated at 5000 per day (with exceptions to be afterwards noticed), which gives in a year 1,560,000 copies, the produce of which (allowing for spoiled copies) is £36,000 0 0 deducting 20 per cent. of government drawback . . . £20,800 0 0 Paper at 60s. per ream . . . 9,750 0 0 Charge, as above . . . 15,000 0 0

Loss per annum . . . £9,450 0 0 So that an efficient morning newspaper establishment, according to the present mode of conducting such papers, and with the understood average daily circulation of 5000 copies, would, did it depend upon that circulation alone, incur to the proprietors a loss of nearly £10,000 per annum. It is to the advertisements, therefore, that the speculators in newspapers properly look for their remunerating profit; and when the time, expense, and exertion necessarily required to force a newspaper into such a circulation as to command these, is considered, the spirit of enterprise which could stimulate individuals, or even companies of individuals, to engage in such undertakings, is placed in a striking point of view.

The expense of establishing and carrying on an evening daily London newspaper, again, is infinitely less than that of a morning one. This arises from various causes. One obvious reason is the circumstance of the evening papers not requiring to employ so many reporters, as the morning papers generally furnish them with parliamentary and other lengthened intelligence. Another reason consists in the comparative smallness of their size, together with the no less comparative largeness of the type generally used in setting them up. According to ordinary calculations, there is a difference of expense in getting up a first-rate evening paper and a first-rate morning paper, of no less than £7000 per annum, in favour of the former. But of course all details of this nature must be liable to error, or depend very much on peculiarities in the management of the various concerns. The expenses of the thrice-a-week papers it is not

so easy to calculate, although they must be comparatively trifling. Most, if not the whole, of these journals are attached to the offices of some one or other of the daily journals, and their contents are chiefly a condensation of the matter in their principals. Thus the *St James's Chronicle* is issued from the office of the *Standard*, the *Evening Mail* from that of the *Times*, and so forth—the same types and setting-up serving for both.

Some of the weekly papers are also got up in the same manner; but they differ very widely from each other both in this respect and in the cost of their management. Several possess great originality of thinking and writing, and in no branch of literature are there men of greater ability employed. The impression of some of the weekly papers is extremely large, and, we believe, they are mostly circulated in the country.

THE GENTLE ART.

TACKLE.

As anglers, we pay considerable attention to our tackle, and it is proper we should; for ill-contrived tackle either frightens the fish by its clumsiness, or else loses them by its want of strength. The quality of the hook used is of primary importance. As to this matter, we ourselves pretend to know little, and yet enough to make us believe that good hooks ought neither to break nor bend easily. It is not test of a proper description of hook, to be able to haul in half-pounders and moderate-sized fish; the moment of trial is when you are playing a large trout or salmon, which exerts its full vigour and does justice to the metal. The least tendency to brittleness or want of nerve will be detected to your cost and disappointment. Many a fine fish have we lost in the very act of landing him, by the snapping of a thin ill-tempered wire. And how is this to be remedied? You are told to use Limericks, nothing but Limericks, O'Shaughnessey's Limericks: where in the name of wonder are O'Shaughnessey's marvellous Limericks to be had? If you ask for them in Scotland, you are presented with a heavy, coarse, ill-shaped, black sample of iron, that breaks at a single twist. If in Ireland, at Limerick you get a similar matter, only far better tempered; but then still it is heavy, and in shape utterly detestable. In fact, O'Shaughnessey's hooks are not the exact thing, excepting always those used for salmon, and of a larger description, which are really excellent.

As least exceptionable, the hook we prefer is the Kendal circular bend. It is of a much lighter make than the Limerick, and its shape in the smaller sizes more suitable for hooking trout. We advise purchasers always to try the strength of the wire before laying in a store of hooks, which they may do by twisting it with the fingers. When purchased, let them be kept dry; for the least moisture cannot fail to create rust. Hooks for dressing flies ought to be thinner at the shank than such as are intended for bait-fishing. The Kendal hooks number upwards from 00, the smallest midge, to No. 20, the largest salmon size. The Limerick are denoted by letters, commencing with A.

Now, as to lines and gut; and, first, the pirn-line: This, for trout, should bespun from twelve to fifteen hairs' thickness, of the best fresh horse-hair, properly cleaned and soaked. The salmon-line ought to be much stronger, and contain from eighteen to four-and-twenty hairs. Thirty yards of the former will suffice; the latter should be at least twice that length. Some prefer a few threads of silk interwoven, and to this we have no objection, although by them the wet is retained longer, and the line is said to become sooner useless. The great merit of a good line is its lightness; yet we have seen anglers who preferred one that was heavy. Second, the casting-line: This may be made either of gut or horse-hair; if of the latter, the very choicest materials ought to be used, taking care to soak it previously for an hour or two in cold water. Five lengths are sufficient; the uppermost composed of eight hairs, and so on, gradually diminishing the thickness till you arrive at three or four. They ought to be regularly spun and carefully fastened between the lengths by a single knot tied over with a silk thread. A strong series of gut should be similarly attached to the lowermost length. The upper end ought to be looped, so as to conjoin easily with the pirn-line, the extremity of which should be provided with a small noose of the same description. Loops of all kinds, however, ought to be avoided below this point, as they both disturb the water and perplex the tackle. As for the gut casting-line, three hairs are a sufficient maximum, although four may be used in the upper part to render the tapering more harmonious. This latter sort we ourselves prefer; yet many anglers abjure it on account of its heaviness. Hair casting-lines often prove faithless, especially when half-wetted and not equally spun.

We shall now treat briefly of gut. This article, originally imported from the East, and now brought in

considerable quantities from Spain and Italy, is, as far as we have been able to learn, fabricated from the male silk-worm in a state of decomposition. The operation is principally conducted by children, and consists in removing the external slough of the worm with the fingers, elongating at the same time the gluey substance which composes its entrails. To do this properly requires some care and attention. Should the worm be kept too long, a hard crust forms itself over it; in destroying which, the application of the nail is necessary: hence the gut becomes flattened, and loses much of its value. The sinews of herons and other birds are also manufactured in Spain into a sort of gut, and are much used, although unwittingly, by our salmon-fishers.

Worm-gut varies in length from nearly two feet and downwards. We have seen, however, an article very closely resembling it from the Archipelago, which measures at least a yard and a half. This is not to be confounded with sea-weed, although a vegetable fibre, and drawn out of a plant. It is much stronger and better suited for angling. The inhabitants of the Greek islands use it for catching mullet, and will often toss a fish some pounds weight over their heads by a thread or two. We ourselves have found it excellent for the larger sorts of tackle. Animal gut is, however, more generally used, and better adapted for trout. It ought to be small, round, and transparent, without any flaw or roughness. When worn or disordered, the application of a piece of India-rubber will at once renovate it. In joining threads together for the purpose of making casts, the single knot properly drawn is quite sufficient. One should avoid clipping the useless extremities too closely in this operation, as in that case the knot is somewhat liable to give way. Gut to keep well should be moistened with fine oil, and stored in oiled paper. Gut fly-casts with three flies should measure at least nine feet, from where they join the casting-line to the lowermost fly. The hooks ought to be a yard distant or more from each other; the two hobs or droppers depending three or four inches from the main line. These droppers should be the smaller flies, if different sizes are used, in order that the line may fall properly without frightening the fish. Angling for sea-trout, in places where the other kinds abound, we employ only one large hook as our trail-fly, regulating the droppers accordingly. Many anglers foolishly place the heavier hooks foremost, to the disturbance of those following, and the causing of many mischances.

We shall devote another chapter to flies, and what concerns them, using the remainder of this in descriptions of other tackles—and first of all, the worm-tackle. For this, sizeable hooks, dressed upon fine round gut, are generally preferred—Nos. 9, 10, and 11. Some bait-fishers, however, use the smaller sorts; but these, we think, are apt to miss the trout, especially when covered with a largish worm. The bait-tackle ought to be loaded about ten or twelve inches above the hook with a pellet or two of lead, in order that rapid streams may not carry it away too quickly, or on the surface, since trout in general seize worm near the bottom, and take no pains to catch at a swift bait. Salmon-roe fishing may be practised with the single hook, although more successfully when a double or even treble-braced one is used, which better secures the ova and loose paste. This, however, should be small and short in the shank, so as to deceive the fish.

Minnow-tackles are of various kinds, according to the fancy of the angler. The most simple, and in some places the most deadly, is a common single bait-hook. This we insert through the back of the minnow, and drawing it out, run below the gill, allowing the barb to protrude from the mouth; we then tie up the tail along the gut, either with a piece of silk thread, or more expeditiously with the gut itself, hitched over the part. This is angled with in the same manner as the worm, allowing plenty of time for the fish to gorge. A tackle similar to it may be used in standing pools or lochs. Here, however, the shank of the hook (a long one) is loaded, and the bait allowed to descend rapidly towards the bottom. Large cautious fish are sometimes taken by this method of angling. Of all minnow-tackles, that with swivels is the commonest and most agreeable to employ. There are many ways of constructing it. Two of these we shall mention as preferable to all others. One is simply a large hook, No. 11, fastened to good round gut with two smaller ones, No. 7, tied back to back above, and looped in the dressing, so as to slide along, and shorten or lengthen the tackle to the dimensions of the bait. In using it, enter the lowermost hook through the mouth, and bring it out near the tail of the minnow; insert one of the hooks on the slider through its lips, noticing that the fish be slightly curved so as to spin properly. The other tackle is composed of six hooks, No. 7, dressed in pairs, and is angled with only when the trout are in a taking mood. Two or more swivels are required for both of these contrivances—the lowermost fastened about two feet or so above the bait. Lead pellets may also be used, but many think them unnecessary. Some anglers attach behind the whole apparatus an extra hook, dressed upon a hog's bristle, which, should the trout miss the minnow, is apt to catch him, when retiring, by the middle or other part of the body. This is a superfluity, and, like many superfluities, does more harm than good, alarming the fish without securing them.

Tackle for trolling with par or small trout ought

to be constructed on the same principles as the minnow-tackle; only the hooks should be larger and dressed upon gimp, instead of gut. Snap-hooks also are in use for this kind of angling. Small silk cord will be found the best trolling-line. The reel should carry from eighty to a hundred yards at least, in such places as Loch Awe, where the water is deep and the fish move strong.

So much for the different sorts of angling apparatus; and let us advise all tyros in the gentle art to be on their guard against cheap and useless materials. To such as practise the kindly pastime of angling, we recommend diligently the manufacture of their own flies, which, unless the angler be fully up to, he had better handle his rod no longer; for we consider the dressing of artificial flies to be a requisite accomplishment in every brother of the craft.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND THE MILLER.

JOHN ARNOLD was a native of Brandenburg, who exercised the trade of a miller, near Custrin, and a subject of that illustrious and philosophic warrior, Frederick, King of Prussia, who I believe needs no other addition to his name, to distinguish him from his predecessors, or the succeeding king. The mill in which Arnold lived was plentifully supplied with water at the time he purchased the lease; he had regularly paid his rent, and supported himself and family in a comfortable manner for upwards of six years.

Count Schmettau, the miller's landlord, having occasion, in the year 1776, to enlarge a fishpond contiguous to his seat, and to turn a greater quantity of water into it, ordered a canal to be cut from the stream, a little above the mill, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his tenant, who foresaw and pointed out the injury he should receive, and entreated that if the canal must remain, he might be permitted to resign his lease. This reasonable request being refused, the current of the stream was lessened, and the water so evidently lowered, that the mill could only be worked during the floods which succeed violent rains. Arnold applied to a court of law for redress, but sentence was pronounced against him, and after much anxiety from his debts increasing, while his ability for raising money daily diminished, his utensils, goods, and chattels, were at length seized and sold, to pay the arrears of rent, and a long lawyer's bill. By the advice of his friends, who knew the benevolent and equitable principles of their sovereign, he presented a short memorial on the subject to the king, whose scrutinising eye, equally formed for minute precision and vast design, was immediately struck with the simplicity of the poor man's narrative; and though, during a considerable portion of his reign, he was reluctantly compelled, by the united perfidy and canting hypocrisy of the courts of Austria, France, and Russia, to havock and desolation, his heart was on most occasions alive to the interest and happiness of his subjects.

Frederick immediately dispatched a private agent to Custrin, who examined the merits of the business, surveyed accurately the mill, the stream, and the new canal, and inquired particularly into Arnold's former situation, and the probable causes of his failure. By the cautious deliberation with which he proceeded, the king seems to have guarded, as far as he was able, against those opposite extremes which the most amiable virtues sometimes hurry us into. He revised with his own eyes the various evidence and pleadings before the court, and the whole of the law proceedings. Fearing also that resentment and misguided zeal might heat his imagination, warp his judgment, and lead him to injustice and oppression, the very crimes he meant to punish in others, and resolving not to trust to his own opinions, he consulted several of his most eminent cabinet veterans, who had passed in laborious study or daily practice, through the different provincial, municipal, and civil departments, before he finally determined on the conduct he meant to pursue.

Early in the month of December 1779, having made up his mind, he ordered his chancellor, the judges of the high court of appeal, and the counsellors who had approved and signed Arnold's sentence, into his presence. After describing to them the purposes for which the several posts they filled were first created, and observing, that peasants or beggars were to the full as well entitled to impartial justice as a king or a noble, and that an unjust or negligent magistrate, who betrayed his trust, or a corrupt court of law, partial in its proceedings, were more dangerous in a state and less easy to guard against than a band of robbers, he laid before them their decree against the miller, and remonstrated in severe terms on conduct so opposite to the fundamental principles of equity; he animadverted with warmth on their absurd cruelty, in suffering a man to be deprived of water, the only means by which he could work his mill, and then pulling him to pieces for arrears of rent. The chancellor was peremptorily dismissed from his post, the several judges and the members of the court of Custrin were taken into custody, and immediately prosecuted. A sum equal to the produce of the effects of the miller, and the amount of the law proceedings, was deducted from the salaries of all who had a share in the unjust sentence. Count Schmettau, a haughty German baron, who had long considered his vassals as animals only a few degrees above his horse, his hounds, or his hogs, was reprimanded, and ordered to reimburse to his late tenant

all the rent he had received, from the time of the canal being first opened.

My readers will probably be surprised to hear that this conduct of the great Frederick, in which the keen eye of severe scrutiny perceives so much to praise, so little to condemn, has been branded with the opprobrious epithets of arbitrary and tyrannical, by an ingenious and enlightened writer. The force of his reasoning, or the correctness of his statement, I confess myself unable to perceive, though they conclude with a potent argument, which he seems to mention with indecent exultation, that the determination in favour of Arnold was reversed a few months after the king's death, and that every possible reparation was made to the honour, feelings, and interests of the injured and degraded lawyers. After every inquiry into the business, I cannot but applaud the brave old Fritz, as his soldiers used to call him.—*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*

ENGLAND THE REFUGE OF THE OPPRESSED.

[By Count Pecchio.]

IN London, as well as in almost all the country towns, there is a society which has for its object to provide a lodging for the houseless. Where is the wonder, then, if England is herself the asylum of all the unfortunate? Venice, in her days of glory, was the sanctuary of all the oppressed, whether by kings, by princes, by republics, by popes, or by antipopes. England, which, in the importance of its commerce, and its dominion over the sea, is the Venice of our times, displays the same universal hospitality. Either from justice or from policy, or from a sentiment of generosity and a feeling of her power, she collects under her vast ægis all the conquered and the wrecked, whoever they may be. There is scarcely a single nation in Europe which is not her debtor for protection afforded, at one time or another, to a number of its people. When commerce decayed in Italy, and the usurping princes persecuted the wealthy merchants, many of these sought refuge in England; and a street still remains called "Lombard Street," because they took up their residence on that spot. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes (more fatal to France than the battle of Blenheim), thousands of French Hugonots took refuge in England, and carried thither, among many kinds of manufacture not known before, that of silk stuffs. He who does not disdain to study the history of human vicissitude in the dwellings of filth and poverty, should go to Spitalfields, where he will still find many French names among the weavers, and a street still called after the *fleur-de-lys* (flowers but too thorny for these poor emigrants). In the more recent political storms of France, England afforded shelter to almost all the French nobility and princes, and a few years after to the constitutionalists, the republicans, and the adherents of Napoleon, in their turn exposed to persecution. And let it be observed, that an asylum like this, which is granted not by favour or caprice, but by a perpetual law of free states, to all the oppressed, is another beneficent gift of liberty, which, as the common mother of mankind, wipes with an impartial hand the tears from the eyes of all her children, and thus assuages the ferocity of man, which would become still more cruel by desperation. Among the Italian republics of the middle ages, hospitality was so common a virtue, as to draw from Machiavel the maxim, "Where banishments deprive the cities of men of wealth and industry, one state grows great by becoming the asylum of the banished."

In 1823, London was peopled with exiles of every kind and every country: constitutionalists who would have but one chamber, constitutionalists who wished for two; constitutionalists after the French model, after the Spanish, the American; generals, dismissed presidents of republics, presidents of parliaments dissolved at the point of the bayonet, presidents of cortes dispersed by the bombshell; the widow of the negro King Christophe, with the two princesses, her daughters, of the true royal blood, "black and all black;" the dethroned Emperor of Mexico; and whole swarms of journalists, poets, and men of letters. London was the Elysium (a satirist would say, the Botany Bay) of illustrious men and would-be heroes.

What must have been the astonishment of one who had seen the parliament of Naples, and the two cortes of Madrid and Lisbon, to find himself at the Italian Opera in London, with General Pepe, General Mina, the orators Arguelles and Galiano, with the presidents Isturiz, Moura, &c., jostled and jostling in the crowd with the ambassadors of their adverse governments? It was in truth a sort of magic vision, worthy of the great necromancer Merlin himself. Often, in the course of that winter, did the London Opera House bring to my mind the enchanted palace in Ariosto, where so many paladins, friends and foes of each other, ran up and down the staircases, without being able either to get out or to fight.

At their first arrival, some of these wandering cavaliers attracted a good deal of attention from the English public. How soon did this curiosity pass away! The exiles, lions and all, were speedily buried in oblivion. There is no tomb so vast as London, which swallows up the most illustrious names for ever: it has an omnivorous maw. The celebrity of a man in London blazes and vanishes away like a firework; there is a great noise, numberless invitations, endless flattery and exaggeration, for a few days, and then an eternal silence. Paoli and Dumourier, after having at

their first appearance made a crash like thunder, when they died excited no more attention than a falling leaf. General Mina, when he landed at Portsmouth, was carried to his hotel in triumph, and deafened with applause, for a month together, at the theatres in London. He was more famous than the Nemean lion. What then? He fell very soon into oblivion, and the grave closed over his name. The English people are greedy of novelty; childish in this alone, it makes no great distinction between good and bad, they want only what is new. They pay for the magic lantern, and pay well, but they always want fresh figures. To feed this insatiable whale, that always pants with open jaws, toil incessantly journalists, engravers, historians, travellers, philosophers, lawyers, men of letters, poets. One honour that none can refuse to the constitutional exiles, was the poverty in which they were all plunged, not excepting those who had occupied posts of importance, and handled the public money; Senor Galiano, who had been minister of finance at Cordova, and the organ of the government in the cortes for above a year, I often met in the streets on his return from a walk of four miles to give a lesson in Spanish; to preserve the independence of his spirit, he had the national pride to decline the pension offered by the English government. A friend of mine one day surprised poor Arguelles in his room in the act of mending his trousers; that Arguelles who had been thrice a member of the cortes in 1812 and 1823, and had filled the high office of minister for foreign affairs; on whose lips it may be said that Spain depended, so great was his political wisdom, and the fluency of his eloquence. I had seen these two representatives of the Spanish nation, on their leaving the cortes of Madrid, borne in triumph to their carriages on the shoulders of a people intoxicated with joy and admiration!

In the next spring the widow of General Riego died in London, consumed more by grief than by the English climate, which was nevertheless too severe for her weak state of health. All the emigrants were invited to her funeral, which took place at the Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, London. I fulfilled with a sentiment of pity this last sad office towards a family with which I had been connected in the bonds of friendship. I shall always remember with pleasure having been the bearer of some letters from Cadix, written to this virtuous lady by her husband, the hero and martyr of the Spanish revolution. Four ministers of the constitutional ex-government held the pall; very few among the many hundred exiles had been able to provide themselves with mourning; and this in England, where the very poorest of the people are able to show this great mark of decency and respect. On this occasion, however, the poverty of the mourners, if its cause be taken into consideration, formed the most appropriate and affecting ornament of the ceremony.—*The Italian Exile in England.*

BOOKSELLING BEFORE THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

HAVING stumbled upon some account of the arrangements of the trade in books from the eleventh to the fifteenth century in France and Italy, in the pages of a learned German Professor, we proceed to diffuse his wisdom a little among our readers, arranging our notices under the four heads of—Transcribers; the material upon which they wrote; dealers in books; and the prices of books.

The business of transcriber was an important one, wherever the presence of esteemed teachers and a concourse of students created a demand for books. At Bologna, the number of persons devoted to this occupation was very great, and among them were many females. The trades standing most nearly in connection with it were the illuminators, correctors, papermakers, and bookbinders. With regard to the last-mentioned, the law was so suspicious as to provide that they should find caution for the safe return of the books left with them; a suspicion indicating that their profession was considered merely mechanical. Rich individuals spent immense sums in the ornaments of their books; and so early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, loud complaints were made at Paris and Bologna of the excess to which their vanity transported them in this particular. The frequent disputes on the score of priority elicited ordinances in most of the universities, declaring that no student should enter into a contract with any transcriber who was at the time working for another. Nay, the student was obliged to take the transcriber's oath on this point before he concluded his bargain with him. The latter, if he perjured himself, was expelled, and so was every student who was found to have further dealings with him. All trifling commissions, however—all such, for example, as could be executed within any period short of ten days—took precedence of older ones requiring more time.

The materials most commonly made use of in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and even in the fourteenth, were parchment, and a kind of paper made of cotton. The employment of the latter substance dates so far back as the ninth, paper made of linen did not come into use till about the latter end of the fourteenth century. The Papal bulls ceased to be written upon papyrus in the course of the eleventh century; the use of it in common life had been previously abandoned. Of all these materials, parchment was the greatest favourite. There was a law in Bologna (ap-

parently meant to prevent a scarcity of it) which enacted that every manufacturer of parchment should find caution that at least two-thirds of all the parchment made by him should be of the kind used in making books. The terms employed in all contracts with transcribers, to express the size of the books, are two—*Quaternus* and *Pecia Quaternus* denotes four sheets, folded one within another into eight leaves—a very indefinite expression, when we take into consideration the varying size of the sheet and of the letters. *Pecia* (or *petia*) denotes, at least as it is used in the fifteenth century, at Padua and Bologna, a definite measurement; namely, sixteen columns, each containing sixty-two lines, and every line thirty-two words. Now, as every page contained, in general, two columns, the *Pecia* consisted, in all probability, of four leaves; in other words, it was half of a *Quaternus*. We are thus enabled to obtain a more precise notion of the bulk of the latter.

The circumstances of the period were unfavourable to any trade in books approximating in the most distant degree to that of our days; it was, however, by no means so inconsiderable as one is at first tempted to imagine. New books were, it is true, only made to order: whoever wanted a copy of a work, must make his bargain with a transcriber. But there were a class of men called *Stationarii*, who kept a stock of books on hand, with a view to lend them for hire to the transcribers. We shall now lay before our readers such incidental notices of these persons as occur in the histories of their time.

The *stationarii* are mentioned in the statutes of Bologna in the year 1259. They are enjoined to keep correct copies of books; not to sell them to any person not of the university; nor to raise their hire; nor to enter into any combination with the doctors (teachers) to substitute new glosses for such as were already received. In a statute of the year 1289, these injunctions are renewed, with the exception of the last. The statutes of the Bolognese university are very explicit on the head of the *stationarii*. They were obliged to take an oath, "de fidelit," and find securities. Their books were subjected to the inspection of the *pecarii*; six students annually elected, three from the Italians and three from the French. Every *stationarius* was obliged to have by him copies of the works enumerated in a specific list of 117. The remuneration for lending these books is specified, and seems to have varied according to the size, the importance, and the scarcity of the work. This business was followed at Bologna by the university dealers, but not exclusively by them. More than one instance occurs of a professor who did not scruple to take this means of increasing his income.

Another occupation of the Bolognese *stationarii* was the sale of books upon commission. There is a city statute of the year 1259 still extant, forbidding them to take a higher commission than had previously been customary. The statutes of the university fix the commission at one-fortieth of the price when that is under sixty lire; if the price be higher, only one-sixtieth is allowed. The same laws forbid the purchase of books with a view to making profit by their sale; and ordain in general that no one shall presume to buy books, except he intend to use them himself, or take up the trade of *stationarius*. Analogous precepts are contained in the statutes of Vercelli and Modena.

At Paris, the trade of lending books to transcribers, and that of selling them upon commission, seems, as at Bologna, to have been originally united in the same person, to whom sometimes the name of *stationarius*, and sometimes that of *librarius*, is given. A statute of 1275 ordains that the purchaser of a book shall pay the commission, which is not to exceed one-sixtieth of the price. A law, passed in 1323, distinguishes the trade of book-lender (*stationarius*) from that of the commission salesman (*librarius*). The former are forbidden to sell books without an express permission from the university, while to the latter the trade is left quite free. A statute, published in 1342, ordains that members of the university shall pay a lower commission than strangers; and prohibits the purchase of books by the *librarii*, unless their sale has been previously announced for four successive days in the public hall of the Dominicans.

Very exaggerated notions are entertained respecting the price of books in the middle ages. The mistake has originated in an impression that all the books of that period were as richly ornamented as some specimens which have survived the dilapidations of time. But there are thousands of MSS. still extant, which are sufficiently unpretending in their exterior. Nay, the fact that there were so many trades exclusively devoted to the manufacturing of books, shows that they could be neither such rarities, nor so dear as has been supposed. Certainty on this point can only be attained by collecting from different sources many prices of books during the middle ages, and striking an average. But no antiquary having as yet directed his investigations this way, we are not in possession of a sufficient number of facts. Paris and Bologna, as the towns in which there was the most lively trade in books during the middle ages, ought to furnish sufficient data in their records. One or two facts upon which we have casually stumbled may here be stated. In the statutes of Bologna, the scholar or transcriber who lost a *pecia* of any volume in his possession, was amerced in half a *lira* (or 6s.); but as this included both penalty and restitution, the probability is, that the

price of a *pecia* did not amount to so much. In 1279, a manuscript bible was purchased in Bologna for L.48. In 1262, a cloister in Volterra received a present of law books, valued at L.108, 12s.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

CONSOLATION FOR MORTALITY.

(By Bryant, an American Poet.)

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings: while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and these
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensate rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould;
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriachs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

POPULAR MISTAKES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

How continually are the nurserymen and gardeners of this country complaining of extensive damage done to their crops and their fruit-trees by different species of insects! Yet these very insects, from being called by vulgar provincial names, are almost totally unknown to naturalists, who cannot therefore supply that information which is desired. It is surely not too much to expect that a gardener should be able to tell the difference between a beetle and a fly; between an insect with four wings, and one without. Yet so little has this information been thought of among the generality of this profession, that not one in twenty has any knowledge on the subject! Country gentlemen complain of their fruit being devoured by birds, and orders are given for an indiscriminate destruction of birds' nests: the sparrows, more especially, are persecuted without mercy, as being the chief aggressors; while the robin red-breast, conceived to be the most innocent inhabitant of the garden, is fostered and protected. Now, a little acquaintance with the natural history of these two birds would set their characters in opposite lights. The sparrows, more especially in country situations, very rarely frequent the garden; because, grain being their chief food, they search for it round the farm-yard, the rick, and the stable: they resort to such situations accordingly. The robins, on the other hand, are the great devourers of all the small fruits: they come from the nest just before the currants and gooseberries are ripe, and they immediately spread themselves over the adjacent gardens, which

they do not quit so long as there is any thing to pillage. It may appear strange, as it certainly is, that no writer on our native birds should have been aware of these facts; but it is only a proof how little those persons, who are nevertheless interested in knowing such things, attend to the habits and economy of beings continually before their eyes. In like manner, we protect blackbirds for their song, that they may rob us of our wall and standard fruits with impunity. It behoves every one to show humanity to animals, although we are authorised and justified in destroying such as are found by experience to injure our property. Under this latter head, however, we are committing so many mistakes, that, ere long, some of the most elegant and interesting of our native animals will probably be extirpated. Country gentlemen give orders to their gamekeepers to destroy all "vermin" on their preserves; and these menials, equally ignorant with their masters of what "vermin" are really injurious, commence an indiscriminate attack upon all animals. The jay, the woodpecker, and the squirrel, three of the most elegant and innocent inhabitants of our woods, are doomed to the same destruction as the stoat, the polecat, and the hawk. Nothing in our native ornithology can be more beautiful than the plumage of the jay; while its very wildness and discordance are in harmony with the loneliness of the tangled woods it loves to frequent. The sharp cry of the green woodpecker is of a similar character; and the sound of its bill "tapping the hollow beech tree" is interesting and poetical. The squirrel, again, is the gayest and the prettiest enlivener of our woodland scenery; and, in its amazing leaps, presents us an example, unrivalled among our native quadrupeds, of agility and gracefulness. Yet these peaceful denizens of our woods are destroyed and exterminated, from sheer ignorance of the most unquestionable facts in their history. The jay, indeed, is said to suck eggs; but this is never done except in a scarcity of insect food, which rarely, if ever, happens. The woodpecker lives entirely upon those insects which destroy trees, and is therefore one of the most efficient preservers of our plantations; while the squirrel feeds exclusively on fruits and nuts. To suppose that either of these are prejudicial to the eggs or the young of partridges and pheasants, would be just as reasonable as to believe that goat-suckers milked cows, or that hedgehogs devoured poultry. It is surely desirable that right notions should be had on such things, and that by an acquaintance with the most common facts of natural history, our few remaining native animals should be preserved from wanton and useless destruction.—*Cabinet Cyc. of Nat. Hist.*

FITCH-GROUNDS OF TENERIFFE.

There is nothing more extraordinary in the structure of the whole island of Teneriffe, than the extensive pitch formations it contains. The part of the island in which the pitch-grounds, as they are called, are found, is about twenty-four miles from Port Spain, at a place called Point Brea. There, it is said, they are fifteen hundred acres in extent. On landing at Point Brea, which is done on a sandy beach, a person is naturally surprised to see large black rocks of pitch towering above the sand, and pieces of them rolled smooth and plentifully about the beach, like pebbles. Every step he takes is on pitch ground. Extensive masses of it are also found presenting a broad and smooth surface. In some parts it seems as if a barrel of pitch had been upset, and left to mix with the soil. The pitch, in general, is merely a superficial coating on the surface of the ground; and nothing but strict examination would allow one to believe that the fertile scene around is situated on pitch-grounds. But it is so; cottages and gardens are implanted on it, and on it vegetation thrives most luxuriantly. The pitch-ground is not one continued mass of this substance, but it is a series of broken and irregular patches of it, the soil intervening for considerable spaces. After walking up a gentle ascent of a mile and a quarter from the sea, over the pitch-ground, the visitor reaches an elevated basin, which is called the pitch-lake. This is a vast mass of pitch naturally collected in the form of a lake. The surface of it, moreover, assumes the appearance of one, and it is completely surrounded by a wood. The length of this lake is about half a mile, and its greatest breadth about half a furlong. Numerous pools of water abound on the surface, and the deep cracks and fissures in the pitch are filled with it, in which little fish and frogs sport about. This water is perfectly fresh and good. The pitch appears to be in some parts of great depth, if such an opinion may be justified from the cracks and fissures. It is hard enough to sustain the weight of a person walking on it, but becomes a little softened by the heat of the sun; so that persons a little distance from each other sometimes disappear by sinking gradually into the hollows formed by their own weight. On the confines of the lake, vegetation is abundant and vigorous; and pine-apples grown on the pitch-grounds are said to be remarkably good.—*Voyage of the Chanticleer*.

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